

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 190. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847.

PRICE 1^d.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER—BUT NOT THE ABBEY.

ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning, as you walk down towards Westminster, it need not excite your surprise to meet a pretty considerable current of individuals setting out on their daily profession of begging—real or sham poverty-stricken wretches, blind, lame, or deformed; women in rags, hung down with infants; organists, fiddlers, and hautboy players. All are going out on an excursion in search of daily bread, and respectively take themselves off towards the streets of the opulent and compassionate. Each has his beat. Mingled with this stream of mendicants may be observed numbers of individuals going forth, not to beg, but to seek for some species of honest employment—workmen out of work, and pale-faced sempstresses who gladly toil the livelong day for a groat. Towards evening a different set of persons—shabby, but clever, ingenious, and up to anything—issue from the same locality. Bedouins of the streets, their line of business is plundering the rest of the community. The spot whence these various classes proceed is one of many such in the metropolis. Situated immediately to the north of Westminster Abbey, from which it is separated only by a thin border of decent-looking mansions, it consists of a cluster of narrow streets, lanes, and courts, the whole of which seem very much left to themselves in the way of scavenging. On the same principle that an Irishman in rags is more picturesque than an Englishman in a whole doublet, the scenery of these streets would form a favourable study for artists. George Moreland would have found subjects for his pencil in every alley—windows broken, and partly mended with paper and old hats; pigs in one corner of a court, and a donkey eating cabbage-blades in the other; queer-looking men and women lounging at doors; viragos scolding children, whose amusement for the last hour has been throwing about a dead rat; nondescripts in half-male and half-female attire selling decayed strawberries out of wheelbarrows—such would be the materials of the picture. The yells and smells to complete the piece could not unfortunately be put on the painter's canvas. And all this is going on daily within a stone's throw of one of England's proudest temples! How grateful to the wearied soul the sweet tones of the organ swelling through the aisles of the abbey! How beautiful and appropriate to man's infirmity the prayers and litanies chanted by priests and choristers! How utterly valueless the fabric and all its contents, living and dead, as far as the Christianising and humanising of the neighbourhood is concerned!

Deserted pretty much by church and state, or left only to the perambulations of the policeman, the quarter to which I allude has latterly been discovered to be not

exactly what it should be; and so far has improvement gone, that at present a strath of houses is in the course of clearance, in order to permit the opening of a new thoroughfare. But as nothing is correspondingly done to lodge the dispossessed inmates, it may be doubted whether the new and fine street will substantially lighten the bills of mortality. Another move towards improvement has been the introduction of schools for the loose surface children of the district. This move, as usual in such circumstances, has not come from the state; it has originated entirely in private benevolence. Yet the utmost which has been done is a mere trifle in comparison with what ought to be accomplished. Thousands of children roam about altogether unschooled, and thus in complete preparation for ruin body and soul. The case is a bad one; but the world cannot expect that a handful of benevolent people are to give half-crowns and guineas to educate all the children who come into existence. It is the public's business, and the public should see to it.*

A few weeks ago, in company with Mr Walker, a city missionary, and Lord Kinnaird, I visited this densely-peopled part of the metropolis. Our first call was at a school where about a hundred and twenty children received gratuitous instruction; and from this we proceeded to the Juvenile Refuge or Ragged School, which has recently been set up in the neighbourhood, in Old Pye Street. Formerly a tavern of a disreputable kind, with a skittle alley behind, the house has been repaired and adapted for the purposes of an establishment for feeding, educating, and teaching boys of the most abandoned and destitute class. The Ragged School Union, a body of benevolent subscribers, which has other similar establishments in operation, is at the expense of the undertaking. The manner in which the school is conducted resembles what I had seen in Aberdeen and Dundee, with this difference, that a few boys, who have no proper home, are allowed to sleep in the house; with this exception, the pupils get dinner and a little bread for supper. The utmost pains has been taken to render the place unattractive as respects subsistence; nevertheless, I was told that the temptation of dinner and supper, poor as it was, had an evident tendency to empty the no-food-giving schools—a circumstance viewed with justifiable alarm by the managers, and which will require to be closely watched and guarded against. My own conviction from the first has been, that unless conducted on a system of rigorous investi-

* By a statement lately published concerning Westminster, it is shown that out of a population of 57,000 persons, there are 16,000 children under twelve years of age, of whom 13,000 do not attend school. In Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, out of 112,000 persons, it has been found lately by examination from house to house, that 16,000 children of an age for school do not go to any, not even a Sunday school.—*Third Annual Report of Ragged School Union.*

gation, this class of institutions may, to a certain extent, prove demoralising, and seriously injure schools of a useful kind at which no meals are given.

There were nearly a hundred boys present at the time of our visit. The whole had just bathed, and were going through some bodily exercises to warm themselves. Of almost every one of them some anecdote could be told: a history of crime, suffering, and less or more of reclamation. One was the son of a coiner, lately transported, and his early years had been spent in signalling the approaches of the police to his father's abode; another who was pointed out was the son of a cab-driver, from whom he had habitually stolen all the money he could lay his hands on: this boy was now reclaimed, vastly to the satisfaction of his parent. Some rather curious facts were mentioned:—A well-known thief in the neighbourhood had brought his son to school, in order that he might not acquire his own bad habits. 'I lead a dog life,' said he, 'from which I would willingly preserve my boy; as for myself, I am too far gone to mend. Had there been such schools when I was young, I should not have been what I am. I propose giving a pound yearly to help the institution.' What a revelation! A man acknowledging himself to be a public predator, offers to support a school which is to prevent crime! Can society do nothing to bring this generous and repentant thief back to virtue?

The teacher, however, affords the best insight into the nature of the school. In his report he observes, 'I began work with a dozen boys, and gradually increased the number to fifty, all of whom were filthy and ragged, knowing nothing of order or decency. Some of these boys had been sent out daily by drunken parents to provide them with money by begging and stealing, being often treated cruelly if unsuccessful; others were employed in vending and assisting in the manufacture of base coin; many of them had been in the habit of prowling the streets at night, sleeping in sawpits, staircases—one among the ruins of an old arch, another for three successive nights in the inside of a large garden roller; others frequented theatres and public-houses, and some had been committed for petty thefts. Thus the school is a refuge for those who are just entering on a course of vice, or who may be discharged from prison for the first time. Already a great improvement is visible in these poor lads. They seem grateful for the care bestowed on them, anxious to please their teacher, attentive to his instructions, and decidedly improved in their moral character. Any one of the boys (eight in number) who sleep in the house I can now safely trust with money; and of all the parts of clothing which I have been enabled by kind friends to the school to give to the boys generally—such as trousers, shirts, boots, caps, and pinafores—not an article has been lost or misapplied. The masters of trades, in their daily reports to me, give equally favourable accounts; and for the very short time they have been engaged have made great progress. Some of the most ragged are already clad in trousers of their own making; the once filthy are becoming tidy; the lately vicious are now showing signs of superior habits; the formerly irregular are now punctual; and some come to school each day without breakfast, and go through their various exercises without tasting food of any description until dinner hour. This change in the boys is in many families already beginning to produce a powerful effect on the parents, begetting a care and solicitude for their children hitherto unknown, as well as a very kindly and respectful estimation of the institution itself.'

Our next visit was to a model lodging-house, 25 Great Peter Street. Various houses of this useful class have lately been established in London with a generally good effect. Ordinarily, the establishments in which

a poor person gets a night's lodging are of a very horrible character—dens of filth and disorder, the fertile sources of crime and disease. Not unusually from thirty to forty persons—men, women, and children, married and unmarried—are crammed into one apartment, without any regard to comfort or decency; and the scenes of confusion, fighting, and noisy disturbance they for the most part present baffle description. To supersede houses of this kind, it is not necessary for societies of benevolent individuals to do anything more than show from a few examples that a humble class of lodging-houses may be conducted on a proper footing by private parties, and yet be *made to pay*. This has been the view taken of the subject by Lord Kinnaird and his friends. They do not desire to arrest private enterprise, but only to give it a proper direction. Two houses of three storeys each, with a communication between, have been fitted up and rented; no expense for building has been incurred, the houses having been taken as they stand. One of the houses contains beds for single men, and the other has beds for families. Several beds are in each room; but those for families are secluded by intervening curtains. Nearly seventy individuals, exclusive of children, can be accommodated nightly. The beds appeared clean and neat, considering their character; and all else was in the best order—charge for a single bed 3d., for a double one 6d. For these charges, however, the inmates have the use of a kitchen, wash-house, and sitting-room, with every suitable accommodation for twenty-four hours. Conducted down stairs to the kitchens, I found several persons engaged in cooking. In the wash-house adjoining, several rows of small lockfast cupboards were pointed out, and each inmate can have the use of one on depositing 2d. for the loan of a key. If deposits were not taken, many keys would disappear and be lost. Up stairs, on the street floor, is the general sitting-room, with the rules of the house inscribed over the fireplace, and a table in the centre, at which books and papers may be perused. The keeper produced a small stock of books and periodicals (chiefly our own publications), which he described as being read with avidity, and it may be hoped, with advantage. Three things, we were informed, contribute to maintain perfect order in the establishment—firmness in enforcing the rules, reading, and devotional exercises. Morning and evening a chapter of the Bible is read, and a few comments or words of exhortation follow; an appropriate prayer is also offered up. The officiating minister is a town missionary; but sometimes the inmates engage in reading verses of the Scriptures alternately, for mutual improvement and edification. It is interesting to know that these pious exercises are well attended, and eagerly indulged in; nor can we entertain a doubt of their efficacy. I remember being told of a dissolute individual—a victim—who in a distant country had brought himself to the depths of misery by his misconduct, bursting into tears on hearing read the first verse of the twenty-third psalm—

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

Recollections of a happy childhood, of a fond mother and pious father, of sunny school days and early aspirations—aspirations blighted—all rushed across the mind of the unfortunate. A chord deep in the heart had been struck. From that time he was an altered man. Circumstances of this nature occasionally occur in the lodging-house we are speaking of. Religion, through the revival of early impressions, asserts her efficacy, and, let us hope, with permanent benefit. 'I have never,' said the missionary, 'met with the least opposition or disrespect at our meetings; the utmost attention prevails; and any one passing through the apartment is careful to make no noise. I never witnessed a more serious congregation. As to practical results, the general conduct of the lodgers has much

improve
which
have be
to be a
kept th
and reg
rescued
dissolv
The int
rated th
that th
product
inmates
The
the inst
of well
have to
neighb
want of
well. T
terest
from L
year;
class of
be a so
greatly
were th
is not i
rimen
Keeper
have be
sons ly
be toler
more c
of room
worst
ing gr
answer
patible
have le
don; a
rivalry
in one
From
we pro
alleys
the ac
was al
notice
no me
in Sco
room a
maker
have
bundl
Yet t
cobble
ing fer
the m
elsew
When
good
soon
come
for a
was s
ing a
in a
not be
the d
poor
She a
if tw
child
who
charg
to as
stant

improved; cases of profane swearing and drunkenness, which at first were common, seldom occur; several have been expelled for drunkenness; some have begged to be admitted again, promising to reform, and have kept their promise; a number have obtained places and regular employment, and are in all probability rescued from a life of vagrancy. Several have given up dissolute courses, and been restored to their friends. The intelligent keeper of the establishment corroborated these statements; and gave it as his opinion that the religious exercises were of the utmost value in producing a spirit of happiness and decorum among the inmates.

The order, cleanliness, security, and comfort which the institution offers, have made it a favourite resort of well-disposed individuals, who would otherwise have to seek refuge in the mean receptacles in the neighbourhood. Hundreds are refused admittance for want of room. And how does it pay? Admirably well. The entire expenses per annum, including interest on original outlay, are £150. The returns are from £4 to £5 weekly, or about £250 during the year; thus proving beyond a doubt that a humble class of lodging-houses may be well conducted, and yet be a source of profit. The returns, however, might be greatly extended, by increasing the accommodation, were that in the present instance desirable. But profit is not in itself wanted. The whole affair is a mere experiment, and as such it has already been most efficacious. Keepers of 'travellers' lodging-houses' in the vicinity have been compelled to attempt a reform. Thirty persons lying indiscriminately on the floor will no longer be tolerated. Nearly all the houses have been less or more cleaned; one keeper has introduced a distinction of rooms for married and single; and a house of the worst class has been shut up. The conviction is gaining ground that nothing but decency will any longer answer, and that good order is by no means incompatible with a full and sufficient profit. Similar efforts have led to similar convictions in other parts of London; and we may by and by expect to see the ordinary rivalry of private enterprise effecting a universal reform in one of the worst features of the metropolis.

From the model lodging-house in Great Peter Street, we proceeded on an excursion into some of the meaner alleys and courts in the neighbourhood, in order to see the accommodation of families in separate dwellings. It was all very bad—as miserable as what comes under notice in any parts of Edinburgh or Glasgow, though by no means with the same environing of filth. It is only in Scotland that dirt is indelicately obtrusive. In one room about ten feet square, we found living an old shoemaker, two sempstresses, and a girl. They seemed to have scarcely space to turn themselves; and, except a bundle of rags in a corner, there was no vestige of a bed. Yet there was cheerfulness in this dismal den. The cobbler was busy with his hammer; and the two drudging females had received the pleasing intelligence that the making of shirts was up a halfpenny. Here and elsewhere were terrible complaints of the dearth of bread. When I mentioned that I was sure there would be a good harvest, and that great quantities of corn would soon arrive from America, the good news seemed to come like a ray of sunshine in the midst of gloom, and for a moment sent a thrill of joy through the heart. I was sorry for one poor woman whom we found inhabiting a small dingy room on the ground-floor of a house in a very narrow alley. She was rheumatic, and had not been able to walk for fifteen years: she could go to the door only by crawling on her hands and knees. This poor old creature, nevertheless, did not appear unhappy. She spoke resignedly of her sufferings. On inquiring if two little girls who were with her were her grandchildren, she replied 'that they belonged to a neighbour who had to go out daily to work, and that she took charge of them as a matter of duty. It was our duty to assist each other.' In this way are the poor constantly found assisting the poor.

Mr Walker, the missionary who accompanied us in this ramble, mentioned that, some years ago, when he began his domiciliary visits in Westminster, he was received with great jealousy and open threats of vengeance. The people could not understand how any person in his station should come about them unless for some selfish purpose; nor could they believe that their children should be invited to go to school unless to make a job of them. Their notion was, that the free schools were a new trick on the part of the rich to squeeze the poor! With the quiet perseverance of a Scotsman, Walker combated with, and ultimately vanquished, these fancies. The free schools are now exceedingly popular; and the missionary is a recognised friend and counsellor throughout the district. Of this we had some evidence: in the course of our walk, he was several times stopped by women of a humble class to get his advice on matters which concerned them. I should imagine from this, and other circumstances which have come to my knowledge, that town missionaries, even as regards secular counsel, are of the greatest possible service, and form an indispensable engine of humanity and civilisation in the present condition of large cities.

As we entered the chariot which had been in attendance, and drove into the glare and bustle of Palace-yard—amid crowds of ladies and gentlemen hurrying to see the new House of Lords, and lawyers pushing along with their bags towards 'the hall'—I almost felt as if suddenly dropped into a new world; so totally dissimilar are two states of things closely in connection with each other.

W. C.

THE BOUNDARY LINE.

A SKETCH.

It is a sweet, bright day in early spring. Young leaves are upon the hedges; primroses are gemming each grassy bank; and 'the corn is springing fresh and green.' The scene is in Ireland, and beautiful as ever; for the desolation of the land seems to have passed away. So at least thought a young stranger, a visitor from a more favoured spot, as silently placing her hand on that of her companion, to check the ponies' reins, she stood up in the little carriage in which they then were driving, and gazed downwards from the summit of the hill, over wood and dale and shining river, drinking in, with sanguine heart and glistening eyes, the glorious prospect—the fair promise—of that fertile, verdant land.

Full of the hopes that view had excited, she had turned eagerly to share them with her friend, when her attention was caught by the sound of people at work inside the hedge; and the expression of chastened delight, which had just rested on her face, flitted into a smile full of mirth, as she exclaimed, 'Do look at that animated active group; were ever there women so hard at work before!'

And a busy, and even cheerful picture at the first glance it was. As the little carriage now drew up beside a wider opening in the fence, Clara pointed out to her companion, close by within the field, three girls working, as she had observed, 'with might and main.' She could not well interpret the grave and half-reluctant smile with which her own merry glance was returned, and surprised, but still amused, she continued looking through the hedge. Though a moment's reflection showed her they were not quite suitably employed, still the hearty good-will with which they lent themselves to their task, the look of rosy health that mantled in their cheeks, and the comfortable substantial clothing in which they were attired—all lessened the dubious feeling with which she felt tempted to regard an occupation that seemed in this instance as much a matter of choice as of necessity.

And so she still looked on smilingly at the energetic movements and glowing faces of the young girls, thus manfully employed in levelling the old ditch that had once bounded the road, and which they were now

wheeling out in heaps to top-dress the field. With a smile she looked on—but it was only for a while; for at last she saw one girl lift her hand to her heated brow, and then work on; another drop her arms languidly by her side, as she turned her barrow over on the heap; while the third, the fairest and slightest, raising her head at the sound, gave one anxious glance at the weary ones, and then with a gay laugh hastily throwing her shovel aside, insisted that it was her turn to wheel the barrow now. Then a noisy, good-humoured altercation ensued, the elder ones protesting that she was too soft and too young for that heavy part of the work; until at last the five minutes required to overcome her generous intention afforded all sufficient rest and renewed strength to commence their unfeminine employment again.

'Five minutes more, Clara,' said her companion, whose turn it now was to smile at the thoughtful expression transferred to that lately beaming face—'five minutes more, while I just ask one question, for I have known those industrious girls long and well.' And as she spoke, the youngest turning her head, with a blush and smile of recognition dropped her little curtsy, while another, who was still nearer, leaped up on the bank to inquire whether their honours wanted anything she could do.

'Nothing now, thank you, Joany; I see you are hard at work. But where is your father? I suppose employed on the roads, while you mind the farm?'

A free but good-humoured laugh lighted up Joany's black eyes as she carelessly answered, 'Wisha, no, ma'am; he wasn't good enough for that same; you'll find him below there on the sunny side of the ditch, and mighty proud he'd be to stop your honour for a *shanamone*;'* and throwing an arch look across the hedge as she made this somewhat familiar reply, she bounded off the bank, and the next instant was wheeling her barrow again.

'Poor motherless girls, with an idle good-for-nothing father,' said the lady with a sigh as the ponies crept slowly down the hill. 'By degrees he has habituated them to do the work of men; and, like the females we read of in savage life, there they labour, day after day, summer and winter, while he spends his time, as Joany just hinted, sauntering and gossiping by the highway-side. Then the elder ones, grown bold and hardened, at last have lost all taste for the quiet duties and minor comforts of home; while the youngest, always delicate, but neglected and lonely, feels herself, for the sake of companionship, forced to follow in their steps; and with that cough and pain in the side, caught when the weather was less genial than now, will in all probability be low in her grave before she sees another spring.'

Poor Ireland! Often as she has been held up as a warning, it is somewhat hard to derive one from the industry of her daughters; and instead of averring that 'even her failings lean to virtue's side,' to declare that her best efforts have their alloy. And yet who that has dwelt amongst those children of her soil in months lately past; who that has witnessed their struggles, their mistakes, their resignation, but must have sorrowed over the long and deeply-rooted habits which leave them without the ability, and almost without the inclination, to meet their altered circumstances. An out-of-door friend surely the potato was—out of doors it was cultivated, and out of doors it was kept. What experience, then, of domestic management could be attained by her who thus spent her hours abroad, bearing more than her share in the culture and preparation of that food which never required her presence within doors, except during the simple process of placing it on the fire? Or how can she now turn, without many a failure, almost hopeless, to the thrifty meal-chest, the complicated pudding, and the store of bread?

But not in Ireland alone, not only amidst her unfor-

* Gossip.

tunate peasantry, can examples be met of the mistake to which we now advert. There are other classes too, other places may be found, where unpleasant consequences have resulted from shifting the load of life to unfitting shoulders; from placing the hand to the machine it is incompetent to guide. 'Bear ye one another's burthens,' is a rule of conduct far different from doing one another's business; and much as a labour of love can lighten toil, either of body or of mind, when mutually borne, the *boundary line* drawn between occupations proper to either sex can seldom be passed without some unfortunate result.

We have known the young and fair seek to heighten their attractions by vying with the bolder sex in their amusements, by entering into more than the spirit of their sport—shooting at a mark, or feathering an ear; and one—that brightest beauty who, since then, has aspired to royal honours—we can remember in long-past days was never so much at home as when in the saddle, never so eloquent as when speaking of her steed. But these are comparatively harmless follies—straws on life's lighter current; 'only pretty Fanny's way,' forgiven for her sake, or forgotten when she grows wiser; and wiser she must grow, if she would safely climb the onward path. Yes, a time comes when amusement can be no longer the object, when graver interests are concerned, and a steadier line must be pursued; and then, be assured that the more definite is each orbit, the brighter and the happier will be the mingling of the two at the points where they unite.

Was ever business more prosperous when the wife kept the accounts and wrote the letters, while the husband sought amusement, or gossiped at his club? Was ever parish worthier where the pastor visited the markets, or enjoyed a hit at backgammon, while his more than help-meet penned eloquent discourses within the study walls? And yet such things have been: while, on the other hand, oh tell us were the threads more fairly spun when Hercules held the distaff amidst the Lydian maidens?—or was the infant wail less frequent when Hooker rocked the cradle, and penned his immortal work upon his knee? No: go hand in hand, true partners through life, aiding each the other in your separate or united way; but never, never take advantage of the willing heart to throw on it your own allotted burthen; never, never let the vain, ambitious, over-active spirit undertake the province of another, and engross to itself the things that should concern it not.

But to come back to our story, or rather—for that was but one instance—to commence a new one. There once was a gentleman and a lady who married for love: they had many good things beside—a fair house, broad lands, and smiling friends; and if these accessories did prolong the charm, still the love was all the same; for a twelvemonth passed away, the bride glided into the wife, the wife became a mother, and yet their happiness was undiminished—fresh and new, as if they had but just doffed their bridal robes. At home or abroad, they were inseparable still; indeed home seemed their chosen sphere of enjoyment; and though the Nimrods and Justice Shallows of the neighbourhood laid wagers, and smiled, and wondered how long it would last, still the spell remained unbroken, and the gentleman remained at home.

A year and a day, as old story runs, glided away, and thus they might have been seen—the lady in her garden, the gentleman beside her: she a queen amidst her flowers, he her devoted minister; and all—husband, gardener, clustering roses—all bending to her away; her judgment planning, her taste presiding; the flexible branches, the shapely beds, 'the gay enamelled' borders, the harmonious contrasts, all bearing witness to her perfect taste; while quite allowable, and most amusing, was the little absolute air with which she asserted her sovereignty, and defended her possessions; repelling all interference when her husband, in his ignorance, would suggest some alteration—as if lilies could overshadow pinks, or tulips rival roses!

Not qu
lady and
now it is
pretty br
garland,
we must
blast, dro
the brigh
how forg
on a seri
but it is
be laid o
for she st
beauty;
include
insisted
tains his
at issue

Ab, la
moment—
how near
ever: tu
flowers,
eyes, bri
wit and
means o
dilemma
the sent
way'; a
walked
that dis
horizon,
to work
the field

Another
ing? W
intellige
tones, th
of that
the mu
shelves
was so
away in
but her
—asleep

Blam
the gray
cover, h
his fox,
dinner,
natural
lady—
day; h
morrow
would
childish
was ha

It is
menaced
change
rugged
monum
a prot
even b
surely
If the
doing
now, a
roses;
might
will th
brook
has be
crosco
hardly
We
and w
time,

Not quite another year has passed again, and still the lady and the gentleman are to be seen together; but now it is a wintry day, on a bleak hill-side, and the pretty broad-brimmed straw-hat, with its fresh gathered garland, has been replaced by a close bonnet, which, we must confess, tied down closely as it is to resist the blast, droops so deeply over the face, that it shuts in the bright eyes, and only displays a mouth that somehow forgets to smile. No wonder: we have intruded on a serious discussion—we had almost said debate—but it is not yet come to that. There is a plantation to be laid out, its form defined, and the lady is quite right, for she stoutly maintains that the curve is the line of beauty; but as that line, in the present instance, would include the best of his meadows, the gentleman has insisted that a right angle is far more correct: he maintains his ground, and the beautiful and the useful are at issue now.

Ah, lady, do not pass the boundary line: pause for a moment—you know not whither you may wander, or how near you may be to abandoning the beautiful for ever: turn back to your own kingdom—your bright flowers, your cradled child—raise up those shrouded eyes, bring home the smile to that lip, and let woman's wit and woman's heart on the instant devise some means of mutual extrication from the horns of that dilemma. But no: before our words have been spoken, the sentence is pronounced—'Have it all your own way'; and moodily the husband has turned away and walked down the hill, while, with a look of triumph that disdains to notice the cloud gathering in the horizon, the lady gives her directions, the labourers set to work, and the line of beauty sweeps in grace across the field.

Another year—can this be the fireside once so charming? Where are the open books, the attentive ear, the intelligent remark? Where the sweet music, the fairy tones, the blended voices; and where the artless prattle of that gleesome child? The instrument is closed—the music in its portfolio—the books are on their shelves symmetrically ranged—and the boy—oh, he was so noisy, he never could be quiet; let him rout away in the nursery, and stun the servants if he likes, but here it could not be borne, for his parents are both—*asleep!*

Blame them not: the gentleman has been up since the gray of the morning; he has ridden twenty miles to cover, he has had a run of as many more, he has killed his fox, and he has ridden home again, and after a late dinner, he has finished his bottle; what could be more natural than that he should now take a nap? And the lady—could you have only seen her through this arduous day; had you seen her yesterday, could you see her to-morrow, and every day again as the year passes on, you would wonder still less that books, and music, and childish prattle had lost their charm, and that nothing was half so delightful as that easy-chair.

It is now many a day since the plantation was commenced; already it towers above its enclosure, and changes the face of that bleak hill-side, adorning its rugged brow with a leafy crown. There it stands, a monument of the taste that presided over its formation, a proof of the advantage that may be sometimes gained even by a trifle. But was it a trifle? In itself most surely; as a first step, who could reckon its importance? If the hill-side is changed, what have those years been doing to the lady? Come suddenly into her presence now, and recognise, if you can, the bright queen of the roses in other days. Were we sharp-sighted, then we might have seen, even in that flowery garden, in the will that would rule supreme, in the spirit that would brook no interference, the germ of that temper which has been so fully developed since; and yet even a microscope, in the brightest ray of the sun, could have hardly revealed the poison that was lurking there.

We have related how the husband gave up his point, and walked moodily away; but the mood did not continue, and they met again with smiles. The sun rose

brightly next morning, and they wandered together to each favourable point of view, until he saw with her eyes only, and acknowledged she was quite right. She was right—and she never allowed him to forget it, until at last he acquired the habit of thinking that nothing was right without her; and proud of the constant appeal, the reliance on her judgment, she forgot how unsuitable, how incongruous, were the subjects she sometimes ventured to discuss. Thus for a while they ran in harness together: but only for a while; the sphere was too petty for a divided rule; the more energetic spirit took the lead; and at last, weary of sometimes agreeing, sometimes jarring—weary of a yokefellow that would never yield an opinion, and yet admitting those opinions were often the most judicious—the husband gradually loosened himself from his share of the burthen, and once again repeated, 'Have it all your own way.'

But this time it was no passing phrase: he had been taught a lesson, he had become convinced in his own mind by trial, by opposition, by defeat, that no one was so intelligent, so energetic, so faithful—in fact, that he was possessed of a steward beyond all price; and congratulated on all hands for having such a treasure of a wife—so clever, so active, so alive to his concerns—at last, well content, he left them all in her hands.

And she, quite proud of the trust and the responsibility—delighted with the authority and absolute command—exchanging her graceful drapery for a weather-proof cloak, tying her coal-box bonnet closer down upon her head, and drawing on her husband's boots—reader, only his boots!—resolved to defy all seasons and their change, and indefatigably plunged into the mysteries of draining, the management of turnips, and the merits of guano.

It is said that women do nothing by halves; whatever passion they indulge in for the time, absorbs their whole nature; so no wonder that the lady's fancy for out-of-door pursuits entirely engrossed her, and that thus she might have been seen more and more devoted to her farm day after day: and without referring to any general rules, no wonder that home lost its attraction to the once delighted husband, or that, in relinquishing the control of his acres, his active propensities sought another field where he might sometimes take the lead: no wonder that the bright boy grew weary of his uncompanionable maid, that he often escaped from his nursery into what company and what mischief he could; and no wonder, at last, that the picture we have drawn should close the day—yawning, instead of conversation; instead of music—*sleep.*

The lady has just descended by that winding path through the brushwood deep into the quarry, and somewhat severely she has been lecturing the workmen there; for the ground is ploughed and waiting, the limekiln is ready, and yet the lime is not burned, the stones are not even broken yet. Her brow clouded, and her temper slightly ruffled at the dilatoriness with which her orders have been executed, she has turned away with a passing conviction that had sometimes obtruded itself before—that a woman's authority is but limited after all; and she was just in the act of meditating a complaint on the subject to her now careless but good-humoured husband, when suddenly a wild and piercing scream struck upon her ear, and rooted her to the spot. It was echoed back by a loud cry from the labourers she had just left, and at the same instant what appeared a bundle of clothes thrown over the edge of the precipice fell through the tangled bushes, and lighted heavily on the ground, a few paces from the path where she stood transfixed. Strangely familiar that bundle looked—that green velvet—that snowy drapery, as it fluttered amidst the stones: could any one have been stealing the raiment of her child? Oh, think so, poor mother, as long as you may! Look not upwards to that floating feather, where the little cap is caught upon a bough; slowly and gently may the truth dawn upon you! But now the workmen rush past; a suppressed yet fearful murmur strikes upon her brain, and

before she can half collect its sense, before her falling limbs can move towards the heap, they raise it up tenderly—her very child itself!

The fire burns brightly on that hearth as of yore, yet the candles are not lighted or the curtains drawn; for the evenings are still long, and a gentle moon is shining through the windows and chequering the floor. The room, too, is very quiet, the books are unopened still, and still the piano is mute; but the fireside is deserted, the easy-chairs are vacant, and those who used to occupy them with so much enjoyment are no longer—asleep. Look round the room, and you will perceive a still greater alteration, bringing back a memory of earlier days. Fresh flowers are on that marble slab, flinging their odour through the apartment; bright pictures scattered on that table; a guitar upon that stool; and though all seems settled for the amusement of one neither literary nor industrious, though books and workboxes are still in the back-ground, yet decidedly the room has lost the look of unoccupied arrangement which gave it such a formal, dreary air in those fox-hunting and farming days. Within the moonlit window is a silent group: no sound is in that chamber but the crackling now and then of the oaken boughs, as they light up briskly on the hearth, or the faint vibration of the last chord as the guitar is placed upon the floor beside the lady, who sits upon a stool almost as low, and rests her head on the pillow of the sofa, where, pale and still, a little figure is laid; while, leaning on the casement, looking down with deep tenderness on both, stands the husband and the father, restored to hope and happiness again.

The room is very still—a hushed and solemn stillness, as if a prayer had just been uttered, or a hymn been softly breathed: at last the silence was broken—hardly broken by a faint silvery little voice, as the fair child, leaning his head backwards on the pillow, turned his face upwards to his father with a sweet and loving smile, and said, 'Papa, look out into the moonshine, and tell me is the hawthorn still in blossom. It was the first flower of the year, mamma, which I thought to throw that morning at your feet, when in my haste to get away from Jane, I lost my balance, and fell over myself.'

'My own fairest flower!' said his mother tenderly, pressing the little hand within her own to her trembling lip; 'many a bud has blown and withered since that sorrowful morning—passing away all unheeded, while our own one was struggling back to life; but that is so long ago, that instead of flowers in the moonshine, the scarlet berries are now ripening on the thorn.'

The child mused thoughtfully; then he murmured, 'So long ago—and I thought it so short. Oh, mamma, it must have been because I was so happy; you never leaving me—beside me all the day, with your soft hands, and your sweet voice, and your loving eyes; and then, in the long evenings, when papa would come in with his little stories and his pleasant smile. Oh, I am never, never lonely now; I will never be so again. Tell me, mamma, will it not be always so?'

'With God's blessing, my child,' replied the lady with emotion, as she arose and bent to kiss him, then turned to the window; the next moment an encircling arm was round her, and something glistened like a tear in the eyes that answered her own. Just then the moon was going down, sinking behind the tuft of trees that crowned the opposite hill, but its round edge seemed to linger for a moment, pouring a flood of light across the landscape, and resting on the boundary line of that plantation, the scene of her first triumph, the monument of her perseverance and her taste. Beautiful it looked as the pale orb threw a silvery veil over each separate tree; graceful was that undulating line as it shone out into radiance or deepened into shadow; and most perfect and enchanting was the combination of all. There was no stiffness, no formality, no awkward turn; yet the lady gazed on it in silence with saddened eyes, gazed till the bright circle had diminished to a

thread; then, while just light enough was left to read her husband's face, to meet the confiding look that sought her own candid brow, she chased away her tears with a brightening smile, and pointing to the hill as she turned from the window, whispered softly 'That was a great mistake after all!'

EVERY-DAY ENTOMOLOGY.

THE GNAT FAMILY.

THE gnat family is universally detested, as among the most unwearied, bloodthirsty, and formidable of insect tormentors. Their insatiable appetite, joined to their venomous powers, and these added to their enormous productiveness, and their hateful ubiquity, justify us in regarding them as one of the scourges of the human race. They are excessively troublesome even in our own country, the temperate climate of which is unfriendly to venomous creatures of most kinds; but their annoyance is felt under both extremes of temperature, exasperating alike the unhappy inhabitants of Mosquito Bay, and the wretched tenants of the most northerly regions. In spite of the irritable feelings we can scarcely help bringing to the inquiry, it will be found that there is much that is instructive, much that is even entertaining, in the history and habits of these little blood-suckers.

The proper—that is, the technical—name for this tribe of insects is the *Culicidae*: they belong to the order of Dipterous or double-winged insects. The common gnat, *Culex pipiens*, is a delicate pretty insect, rather less than a quarter of an inch in length. It is furnished with a long slender proboscis, which projects downwards and forwards, having at its extremity a pair of little sucking discs: this organ forms the siphon upon which the creature draws its fill from our life-stream. On the sides of this are placed, at different distances, several lancet-like processes, some of which appear intended simply to cut, while others seem adapted also to inject the irritating poison into the minute wound; and these are barbed, and resemble in some respects the sting of the bee. The 'hum' of the gnat, or, as the poet Spenser calls it, 'its murmuring small trumpet,' is a sound familiar to every ear—to most of us far more familiar than agreeable. This, which is really a pretty and not unpleasant sound in itself, were it not that it is a flourish preparatory to an onslaught, is produced by the rapid vibration of its delicate gauze-like wings. The sound has a precise analogue in the deep-toned hum of the 'fan' of our blast-furnaces, where the vanes of the blower cut through the air with vast rapidity, and produce, in so doing, the musical notes we hear. The fragile wings of this insect have been estimated by Latour to vibrate at the rate of three thousand times a minute; a rapidity which, when it is regarded as a succession of muscular contractions and relaxations, is something far more wonderful than the most enormous speed to which mechanism was ever driven. The gnat makes its appearance in the greatest numbers at eventime, but its persecutions are by no means confined to that period. It delights chiefly in shady woods and in moist situations, from whence great hosts may occasionally be observed to issue, and in the vicinity also of stagnant pools, which form the nursing-places of the young. It has been frequently remarked, that it is the female insect which pursues us for our blood, and that the male is innocent altogether of the crimes his partner delights to commit. The insect makes its attack in the following manner:—After the flourish as aforesaid, and with a courage equal to all its noise, it flies directly upon its victim, and falls to. Alighting gently upon the surface, it lowers its formidable weapon, gently and gradually thrusting it into the skin until it has pushed home all its lancets. The fluid which produces the subsequent pain in the wound is then injected into it, as has been plausibly supposed, for the purpose of rendering the blood more fluid, and better adapting it to the

victorial capabilities of the insect; and now the thirsty creature takes its fill. These operations are repeated until it is satiated, when it flies away, oftentimes becoming gorged and less active, as if completely intoxicated with its potion.

The early history of the gnat is peculiarly interesting. It contains one of those exquisite demonstrations of the skill of the Creative hand of which the kingdom of animated nature is replete. The celebrated entomologist Reaumur made it the subject of some of his beautiful and accurate investigations. From his account of the operation, we glean the following particulars relative to the deposition of the eggs of this insect. Let us go to some stagnant pond between five and six in a summer morning, and we shall see this interesting phenomenon, if we watch pretty narrowly, going on over its whole surface. There is a female gnat; she has taken her station upon a broken twig, or a fallen leaf floating on the water. She is then seen to cross her two hind limbs like the letter X, and in the inner triangular interval she commences her ingenious labour. In this interval she places first three eggs in the form of a triangle, which, being moistened with a kind of glue, adhere firmly together. This forms one extremity of a boat she is about to make. Her crossed limbs form, so to speak, the 'lines' or scaffold by which she regulates the subsequent shape and size of her tiny vessel. She proceeds laying egg after egg; and by gradually opening her scaffolding, she shapes the boat accordingly, and in this manner proceeds until the egg-boat is completed, each of which contains from two to three hundred eggs. The animated scaffolding is then removed. The mother takes her flight, and commits her craft to the mercy of the wind and waves. This wonderful little structure has been aptly likened by Messrs Kirby and Spence to a London wherry in configuration, being sharp, and higher at both ends, somewhat convex below, and concave above, and always floating on its keel. It is not the least remarkable fact connected with this amazing feat of nautical architecture, that each individual egg, if dropped into the water, would sink to the bottom. The boat is quite buoyant; it defies the most tempestuous blast which crosses the mimic ocean in which it sails; the waters may go over it, or it may be forcibly pushed down to the bottom, but it will rise again to the surface, its buoyancy unaffected, and without a drop of water in its cavity. How plain and broadly-marked even in these workings of a humble and insignificant insect is the Divine forethought and skill, while rearing a universe, and mapping out creation, remembered, and so securely provided for, the wants of the family of a gnat! In hot weather the eggs are rapidly hatched; and in about three days the larvæ, having left their temporary habitations, are to be seen in full activity, with their heads downwards in the water. As these larvæ are uncommonly funny fellows on the field of the microscope, they have the honour of frequently showing off at popular exhibitions; and the surprising feats of agility they perform have long been the admiration of the spectators. They are well known in the north as '*scurrs*,' and may be collected in abundance during summer from almost every wayside pool. The larva breathes in a very odd way by means of its tail! at the extremity of which is its respiratory apparatus. It has the power of leaving the surface of the water, and diving to the bottom; but it must always return for fresh air; and most comical it is to see it thrust its tail up for this purpose, while its great head hangs some distance below the surface. This larva has several changes to undergo before it becomes the perfect insect: after moulting several times, it becomes transformed into the pupa; and then comes the final change to the perfect gnat. The pupa now serves as a boat for the emerging insect. The time comes on; the necessary preparations are complete; the insect raises itself from its floating tomb, places its feet upon the water, expands its tender wings, and takes farewell of its former dwelling. From first

to last, these transformations occupy about three weeks or a month.

Sometimes gnats make their appearance in incredible numbers, or are unexpectedly seen to pour in dense clouds like smoke from some locality. A correspondent of the '*Entomological Magazine*' states that in one summer, in a particular district, they appeared in such numbers, as actually to make it necessary to 'shovel them' out of the houses. It is related also 'that, in the year 1736, they were so numerous, that vast columns of them were seen to rise in the air from Salisbury cathedral; and an alarm was actually raised that the cathedral was on fire. A letter in an early volume of the '*Philosophical Transactions*' states, that on one occasion they filled the atmosphere near Oxford, and rose in several tall columns from some apple-trees to a considerable height in the air. At Norwich, an alarm of fire was created by the inhabitants observing a dense volume, apparently of smoke, stream forth from one of the spires of the cathedral. It was mentioned that these insects are numerous and excessively annoying even at the poles. Captain Sir John Ross, in the Appendix to the narrative of his second voyage, states that gnats first made their appearance about the 10th of July, and by the 22d had become so excessively numerous, as to prevent the necessary duties of the ship. They were seen in vast clouds overhanging the marshes, their larvæ contributing the principal food to the trout of those lakes. The poor Laplanders are horribly tormented by them. It is almost in vain that they smear their bodies with fetid unguents, birch oil, and fearful messes of all offensive things; the blood-thirsty insect scorns such defences, and sends its proboscis through them all. They are in the habit of stopping up the vents of their huts, allowing the interior to be filled with suffocating smoke, and thus protected, they betake themselves to rest; yet even then, the indomitable creature will scarcely consent to leave them unmolested. In short, what defence can be suggested against an army of invaders so numerous as to be compared to the dust of the earth or the flakes of a snow fall?

The mosquito has been generally considered by naturalists as belonging to the gnat family, the *Culicidæ*. Some doubt may exist upon the subject, but there can be none that it is the true representative in the tropics of the gnat at the poles and at home. The mosquito is not quite so large an insect as the common gnat; but if less in size, it is a much more dreaded and dreadful enemy. It is, we believe, Mr Westwood who considers the mosquito to have been 'the plague of flies,' the emissaries to execute Divine wrath upon the Egyptians. Neither is its sphere of torment limited alone to hot climates; it appears to endure the intense winter of the Crimea, and does dreadful mischief in its summer to the Russian soldiers. Dr Clarke says they are actually compelled to sleep in sacks! and even this does not prove an efficient protection, as cases of mortification in consequence of their bites are not unfrequent. In America, the accounts of mosquito-bitten travellers are most painful to read. We sometimes meet with the travels of a learned enthusiast, who gives us a glowing picture of the glories of the banks of the Orinoco: let us take some scattered remarks from Baron Humboldt's '*Personal Narrative*' as a set-off against these romancings. He says there are three different species of mosquito. Some will sting from an early hour in the morning all day long until five in the afternoon, when they disappear, and a second set 'mount guard.' These have their hour of attack, and then retire, and are followed by the night army, the most dreadful and venomous of all. During the intervals of the disappearance of one host, and the appearance of the next, a brief and delightful repose is given to the tortured Indians. All along a particular district of this great stream, the lower strata of air, from the surface of the ground up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, are filled with these insects to such a de-

gree, as to give the appearance of a condensed vapour. The Indians say there are 'more mosquitoes than air.' The swelling caused by their bites does not disappear for several weeks. An old missionary, in accents of despair and grief, said 'he had spent his twenty years of mosquitoes in America; and his limbs were so much covered with the enduring marks of their wounds, as not to have a single spot of native whiteness about them! Some of the Indians living in these districts are so hard put to it, as to be compelled to bury themselves in sand, only leaving out their heads, which they cover with a handkerchief. A curious anecdote is related in 'Loudon's Magazine of Natural History' regarding the effect of mosquito bites upon the countenance. A gentleman having indulged over-freely in wine, lay down to sleep on a sofa without the customary protection of a mosquito net. He reclined in such a way, as to expose exactly half of his face to the operations of the enemy, which soon attacked him in great numbers. His appearance the following morning was something wonderful; one side of his nose and face preserved their usual expression, but the other was so hideously contorted and swollen, as to make him appear on that side a totally different person.

Expedients for defence against these plagues are frequently almost in vain; but such as are in use it may be as well to mention. In India, mosquito curtains are the common preservatives; but wo to him who suffers even one of his little tormentors to get within his white walls! Just before retiring to rest, a kind of whisk is whirled about in the air, putting the ranks of the enemy in confusion; the favourable moment is seized, and the individual leaps into his cot, while the curtains are rapidly drawn behind him. The Indians in America go at night to sleep on islets in the midst of the cataracts, where few mosquitoes will follow them. They also anoint themselves with turtle oil, and cover their bodies with paint and bolar earth, but are wounded through these. In some fenny districts in England, where goats are very numerous, it is said to be the custom to wear veils. The pain of the bites may in some cases be alleviated by a solution of ammonia, or soothed by a weak lotion of hydrocyanic acid. With these remarks, we take our leave of this tiny but troublesome family.

PLAIN ANSWERS TO PLAIN QUESTIONS ABOUT EMIGRATION.

MANY things have occurred to deter conscientious persons from recommending emigration, but the theory, for all that, remains intact. Nothing is more natural than for people to overflow from an old and closely-occupied country into one the reverse in all respects. The main consideration is as to the qualifications of individuals for the hardships inseparable from the settlement of new countries. These once overcome, there is certainly much of a gratifying nature in the life of the independent settler. Entertaining these views, we are always glad when we can publish any information likely to be of use to intending emigrants. On the present occasion, we present the substance of a letter lately written by an experienced colonist, from Pyrenees, in the Port Philip district of Australia. We have retained the arrangement of the letter, and as far as possible the simplicity of the language; and the reader is requested to observe, that it contains the replies of a plain uneducated man to the questions of a familiar friend, who was thinking of joining him at the antipodes.

I. Climate, diseases, and remedies? The climate is very healthy; hot in summer, but not sultry, as in India; cold in winter, but mild and bracing. We have frosts in the morning, but they clear off about two hours after sunrise. As for diseases, there are none peculiar to the country, which is in general very healthy, and persons living in the bush more especially are seldom or never ill; a store of medicine, therefore, is hardly necessary.

II. The average price of lands next year? This question I cannot answer, not being able to form the slightest conjecture as to what government intends doing with us squatters after the 30th June 1847, when our present license expires. At present we pay L.10 a-year for occupying government lands, according to this process:—If a settler can find any space of country with sufficient water and pasture ground to keep his stock upon, he applies to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, who grants him a license, whether he has a large or small quantity of stock; the Commissioner generally marking the boundary in the proportion of twenty-five square miles for every four thousand sheep or six hundred head of cattle. But there are many stations that are not twenty-five square miles, and will not carry more than two or three thousand sheep; while, on the other hand, there are many that will carry fifty thousand; and yet all pay alike L.10 a-year. There is likewise an assessment of one penny per head on sheep, threepence on cattle, and one shilling on horses, a-year. But as we expect there will be entirely new regulations next year, I must refer you to the newspapers, as also to the colonial coffee-houses, where you will get some information four months before it reaches us.

III. Intercourse of settlers? However desirable it is to be near each other, and pleasant to have frequent intercourse, I would not have you set your mind upon it; for at present the country, for upwards of sixty miles all round us, is occupied, and it is only a chance if any might be for disposal at the time you require it. When a station that has been occupied is to be disposed of, its value is always included nominally in that of the stock, as government will not sanction the buying or selling of crown lands.

IV. Price of sheep, and fair number to begin with? The price of sheep always fluctuates according to that of wool. Two months ago they were worth 12s. per head, now they have fallen to 6s. 6d.; in fact they are regulated by the wool market at home; and if you were to read the Port Philip papers at the colonial coffee-houses, you would generally see under the heading of 'Sales this Week' something near the price of sheep; but put no faith in the price current at the end of the paper. Wool is our ruling commodity; therefore, if you find at home that wool is likely to rise to 1s. 6d. or 2s. and upwards, you may be sure sheep are up to 10s. or 15s. &c.; if likely to go down to 1s. or 1s. 3d. as now, sheep are from 5s. to 7s. per head. We sold our wool for 1s. 3d. last year, but it will be only 10d. or 1s. this; so that you see you must judge entirely by the home market. This in a great measure answers the other question, as to what amount of capital to commence with. As sheep fluctuate so much, the number must entirely depend on price; but I would not advise beginning with less than from seven hundred to one thousand ewes. If you lay out L.500 in sheep, you require L.300 to carry you over the first two years; after that your wool would pay expenses.

V. As to wages, and the propriety of bringing out servants? This question I can answer with confidence. Bring no servants of any kind; for although the law indicates the means of compelling them to serve out the period of their agreement, still there are such facilities of evasion, and so many inducements to evade, arising from the high rate of wages, and the scarcity of all kinds of labour, that you would be subjected to much annoyance and loss. I have enclosed a paragraph I saw in the paper the other day, which will give you some idea of the amount of wages, although 10s. per day, I am told, is an error of the press, they earning considerably more. Married couples are getting L.35 to L.50 a-year; female servants L.20 to L.25; shepherds, &c. L.28 to L.30 (with rations); and mechanics L.1 a-week; in fact, labour is so scarce, that any money is given sometimes, especially in harvest and lambing time.

VI. Bringing out agricultural implements, tools, &c.? Bring out nothing; everything here is as cheap as in England, even iron and steel. We have no mines in

this quarter has been from Melbourne limited extra labour.

VII. As that country, rivers, or creeks, water-holes are several navigable grow any Bulbs and gardens.

VIII. As to give any every other management, if you yourself, labour as

IX. Bring for matrimony ladies are by their able to roam flit mat There is young be have been there is

X. First will take and you but they it must cost about carts was shillings I would boarding and lod about the consider 2d. per tea, 1s. do with ship and nothing—every as at L. dearer. would pair this corduro and in them; two do a-dozen habit of a lamp ding. but a In win colour

XI. as large twenty In the cheap work All the Amer know what upon

this quarter, though there are plenty in Adelaide. Coal has been found near Western Port, about forty miles from Melbourne; but it is worked only to a very limited extent, on account, I suppose, of the scarcity of labour.

VII. As to water and crops? Settlers only take up that country which is sufficiently watered by creeks, rivers, or lakes. In this district we have nothing but creeks, which only run in the winter, and form a sort of water-holes in summer. On the Goulbourn side, there are several large rivers and running creeks, but no navigable rivers anywhere. The country generally will grow any kind of crops, and any description of seeds. Bulbs and plants can be obtained at the market gardens.

VIII. Advantage of sheep-farming? It is impossible to give an accurate idea of this; for sheep-farming, like every other farming business, entirely depends on management. There is no doubt of it being a good speculation, if you can make up your mind to work hard yourself, put up with privations, and do without hired labour as much as possible.

IX. Bringing out a wife? Though I am an advocate for matrimony, still I must warn you that English young ladies are not at all fitted for the bush. When at home by their comfortable firesides, they imagine they will be able to rough it; but let me tell them it is a very difficult matter to get quietly into the way of doing so. There is only one class of females fit to emigrate with young beginners—and these are farmers' daughters who have been brought up to work; for I can assure you there is no dancing the Polka in the bush.

X. First steps on landing? There are steamers that will take you from the ship to Melbourne for 2s. 6d., and your luggage, if a small quantity, and all ready; but they will not wait. If you have a large quantity, it must be forwarded to you by lighters, which will cost about 5s. per ton. There you will find plenty of carts waiting to convey your luggage, for a couple of shillings, to any respectable boarding-house or hotel. I would recommend Mrs Larrinore's or Mrs Hamilton's boarding-houses, where ladies and gentlemen are boarded and lodged for L.1 per week. The hotel charges are about the same as in London. All kinds of provisions are considerably cheaper than in England—namely, Meat, 2d. per lb. of all kinds; bread, 7d. 4 lbs.; cheese, 8d.; tea, 1s.; sugar, 3d.; flour, 2s. per stone; potatoes, 4s. per cwt. Bring as little clothing as you possibly can do with. Coloured shirts are always worn on board ship and in the bush. In fact, incubate yourself with nothing but what is absolutely necessary for the voyage—every article of wearing apparel being quite as cheap as at home, except boots and shoes, which are much dearer. In order to give you some more precise idea, I would say bring out two pairs of Gambroon, and one pair thick coarse cloth trousers for shipboard; one pair corduroy trousers for the bush; two coats for shipboard and in Melbourne, as in the bush you do not require them; a pea-coat and blue cap for the voyage and bush; two dozen coloured shirts; two dozen pairs socks; half-a-dozen thin merino or flannel shirts (if you are in the habit of wearing them); pewter utensils for your cabin; a lamp, and six pounds sperm candles; bed and bedding. Our dress eight months in the year is nothing but a coloured shirt, pair of trousers, and leathern belt. In winter, we generally wear a blue baize shirt over the coloured.

XI. Is a frame-house necessary? No. Melbourne is as large as Ostend, and you can rent houses from one to twenty rooms as cheap, or cheaper, than in England. In the bush a slab hut can be put up quickly and cheaply. Our timber is hard to cut, and therefore all bush work is done with cross-cut saws, mauls, and wedges. All timber is felled with cross-cut saws, not axes, as in America. As boring for water is a thing very little known or practised in the bush, I am unable to say what depth you would have to go, so much depends upon situation.

Finally—If you are a sportsman, and set a value on a good gun, why, then, bring one; but if only for casual purposes, I should say not, as you can get one, with everything requisite, as cheap in Melbourne. My principal advice all through this letter is, bring out nothing but money, save and except what you cannot do without; for when I tell you we make our own steam-engines, and every description of castings, and that you can purchase from a grand piano to a penny rattle as cheap as in England, you will see the absurdity of incubating yourself with more luggage than is necessary. Whatever money you have, pay into the Bank of Australia, save and except about L.50 in sovereigns, and a little silver, which bring with you for use, or voyage, landing, &c. Have your letters directed to the post-office, Melbourne; but remember, no paper money is current here save Melbourne notes, therefore bring no English bank-notes.

A NEW HEROINE.

A LADY one day complained of the state of her health. Even the newspapers had lost their excitement—'She could not relish her murders as usual!' This is not a *jeu d'esprit*, but an actual speech; and it is enough to make one fear that the publicity of the journals is not an unmixed good. But as the bad parts of human nature must continue to be exhibited in the thousand mirrors of the press, those who would neutralise the evil should take every opportunity of calling into action the higher and purer sympathies of the heart. And not rarely does the daily news itself supply us with the means of so doing, and present in the very same page an antidote to the poison, although we are only too liable to pass over the former in favour of the chalice which offers a coarser intoxication.

That the details of crime, as given daily in the newspapers, inordinate the sensibilities—just as frequent public executions used to breed felons at the foot of the gallows—cannot be denied; but they present likewise, and not unfrequently, details of virtue, which require only to be brought prominently forward to counteract the former influence, and maintain a healthy tone in the mind. Among the latter, we have just observed, in a provincial journal, an anecdote of female heroism which merits record much more than the most splendid deeds of valour in the field, and we are proud to afford it a wider circulation and a more permanent page. An obliging correspondent, who resides near the place in question, not only vouches for the truth of the facts, but enables us to give the incident with some completeness.

In a house in Morden Street, Troy-town, Rochester, a young girl called Sarah Rogers, about fifteen years of age, was in charge of a child ten months old. She had laid down the infant for a time, and missing it on turning round, ran out into the garden to look for it. The child was not to be seen; and the poor little nurse, in obedience to a terrible presentiment, rushed to the well. Her fears were only too just. The covering of the well was out of repair; and on dragging away the broken boards, she saw the object of her search in the water at the bottom—a distance of sixty-three feet. A wild scream broke from the girl at the sight; but she did not content herself with screaming, and she knew that if she ran for aid, it would in all probability come too late. Sarah Rogers, therefore—this girl of fifteen—lowered the bucket to the bottom, and grasping the rope in her hands, descended after it. In thus descending, without any one above to steady her, she swayed against the rough stones of the well, and mangled her hands to such an extent, that the flesh is described as having been actually torn from the bones.

She reached the bottom nevertheless; and although standing in three feet water, contrived to get hold of the drowning child with her lacerated hands, and raise it above the surface. She then emptied the bucket, which had filled, and placing her precious charge in it, awaited

the result. That result was fortunate and speedy, for her scream providentially had drawn several persons to the spot, and Sarah Rogers had presently the delight to see the bucket ascending with the infant. Still the brave and generous girl was unsatisfied; and when the bucket was lowered for herself, she could not be prevailed upon to enter it till they had assured her of the safety of the child.

The infant was found to be severely, but not dangerously hurt; while it was feared that its preserver would lose for ever the use of her hands. But this, we are happy to say, is now not likely to be the case. The wounds will in all probability yield to the influence of care and skill, and Sarah Rogers will be able, as heretofore, to earn her bread by the work of her hands. But she is a poor, solitary girl, with no relations able to assist her, and even no home upon earth but that of the grateful parents of the child. These, unfortunately, are not in a condition to render their aid of much importance. They have declared, it is true, that for the future Sarah Rogers shall be like one of their own family; but the husband is nothing more than a clerk on board her majesty's ship Poictiers, and is probably but ill prepared to sustain such an addition to the number of his household. Would it not be well, in a case like this, in which governments are necessarily passive, for such private individuals as have not more pressing claims upon their liberality, to come forward, and do honour publicly to fidelity and intrepidity, even when found in a poor, little, friendless servant-girl?

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.

ACADEMIES were originally nothing more than schools, in which philosophers communicated certain doctrines to their disciples or scholars. The name was adopted from the circumstance of Plato teaching in some shady recess of the garden of Academus at Athens; while Aristotle taught or disputed as he walked about the Lyceum, whence his adherents were called Peripatetics. The former name suited better the sedentary habits of learning; and though distinguishing at first the school of Plato exclusively, it came to be applied to succeeding learned and literary societies, whose common object was the cultivation of knowledge. The Academy of Alexandria served still more directly than the schools of Athens as a model for the modern world. It had its philosophers and scholars, its resident members and foreign associates, and, in fine, its celebrated library, destroyed eventually by the Caliph Omar. In Rome, the entertainments of Mæcenas were the only substitute for an academy; for Augustus was the patron, not of letters, but of flatterers and parasites; and it was not till after the fall of the Western Empire, that any attempt was made to resuscitate the literary institutions of Egypt and Greece.

The founder of the first academy of the modern world was Charlemagne, who, with the assistance of the English monk Alcuin, instituted a society in his palace for the study of grammar, orthography, rhetoric, poetry, history, and mathematics. The Academy of Oxford, founded a century later by Alfred, was rather a school of instruction; and it was not till the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, that true academies sprung up in almost every country in Europe. But our present business is with that constellation of literary luminaries known later, in a collective form, by the name of the French Institute.

The father of the French Academy may be said to have been Valentine Conrart, a gentleman of some distinction, being a counsellor and secretary to the king, who, about the year 1630, brought together a society of literary persons, calling themselves successively—Academy of Beaux-Esprits, Academy of Eloquence, and Eminent Academy. Four years after, the reunion was mentioned to Cardinal Richelieu, when already Gomberville had declared—

Qu'il n'est point d'Apollon que le grand Richelieu ;

and the cardinal at once offered his protection. The offer was accepted, though not without some dissentient voices being heard, and the society was re-named the French Academy. It had now a director, a chancellor, and a secretary; kept records of its transactions; and was confirmed by royal letters patent in 1635. In 1663, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres was instituted by Colbert, and called by Louis XIV. the Little Academy, from the circumstance of its being at first composed of four members of the French Academy. These individuals the great minister assembled from time to time in his own house; and the chief task he prescribed for them was the illustration of the passing reign by means of inscriptions on monuments and medals. They superintended, likewise, the designs of the royal tapestries, the contemplated embellishments of Versailles, and other matters of taste.

Some time before this, as we are told by Dr Birch, certain worthy persons residing in London, being 'inquisitive into natural, and the new and experimental philosophy, agreed to meet weekly on a certain day to discourse upon such subjects, and were known by the title of the Invisible or Philosophical College.' This society waxed gradually, till at length it attracted the attention of Charles II., and became illustrious under the name of the Royal Society of London. Colbert was not slow in perceiving the national advantages attending such an institution; and only three years after the date of its charter—namely, in 1666—he called around him the most celebrated geometers, natural philosophers, mechanics, anatomists, and chemists, and established the Academy of Sciences. Although Colbert, however, was only the founder of these two academies—that of Inscriptions, and that of Science—his services were all-important to the French Academy, of which he had long been a member. To him it was indebted for most of the distinctions and privileges it obtained during his ministry; and it was he who commenced the library of the Academy by a donation of six hundred and sixty volumes. He installed it in the Louvre in 1672, and commemorated the event by a medal. The title of academicien was an unfailing passport to his favour, and he delighted to entertain his colleagues in his elegant house of Sceaux.

Then came the Revolution, when academies of learning were but little thought of, and when the heads of some of the most distinguished members rolled, with as little distinction as those of mere nobility, upon the scaffold. The greatest of these victims was Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, who, at the age of twenty-five, had already distinguished himself so much, as to become an associate of the Academy. Twenty-six years after, when he was in the very height of his fame, he was arrested and dragged before the terrible tribunal. Only one man in all Paris dared to raise his voice in his favour. This was M. Hallé, a brave and noble citizen, who read publicly at the Lyceum a report on the discoveries of the great chemist, which was afterwards transmitted to the tribunal. Lavoisier himself condescended to request permission to live for a few days, that he might finish some important experiments; but the chief of the small number of mean and insignificant men whom the French of that day permitted to decimate them, without daring even to utter a cry, replied, with a ferocious growl, 'We have no more need of savants!' and the philosopher, who had not completed his fifty-first year, was cut off in the very commencement of his glorious career. This was not one of the political or party murders of the time. He was sacrificed in the mere frenzy of ignorant imbecility, together with twenty-seven other men who, like him, were by profession farmers of the revenue.

After the Reign of Terror, it was discovered that France really had need of savants, and that some savants had been of great use even in matters relating to the defence of the country. Chaplat and Berthollet had taught the improvement of gunpowder, and Monze that of cannon; and men began to wish that the three

Academies, tacitly dissolved in the confusion of the time, could be reconstructed anew. This was at length effected, and in a way which added greatly to the solidity of the edifice. The three were fused into one great whole, called the National Institute; and this divided into classes, comprehending the physical and mathematical sciences, moral and political science, and literature and the fine arts. The object was generally the advancement of the arts and sciences, and this was to be obtained by continual researches, the publication of discoveries and transactions, and correspondence with learned and literary men in other countries. The number of resident members was one hundred and forty-four, with an equal number in the provinces, and each class had the privilege of choosing eight foreign associates.

But soon the exigencies of the time robbed France of a great proportion of its savants; for Bonaparte carried with him into Egypt nearly a hundred men who had attained eminence in the arts and sciences. This illustrious corps shared the fatigues and dangers of the common soldiers, and on more than one occasion excited the admiration of the whole army by their heroic courage before the enemy, and the patient endurance with which they bore the privations of the desert. At Cairo they were formed into an Institute of Egypt, which cannot be considered otherwise than as a branch of the French Institute. Monze, one of the founders of the Polytechnic School, was the first president; Bonaparte the second; and their place of meeting was one of the greatest palaces of the city. Their task was to compile an exact description of the country; to execute a detailed map; to study ruins and natural productions; to make observations in physics, astronomy, and natural history; and to inquire into the practicability of ameliorating the condition of the people by the introduction of machinery, canals, and new processes adapted to the soil. All this was soon at an end. The French were compelled to evacuate Egypt, the savants were called away in the midst of their labours, and the fragments of the eastern Institute were reunited to the Institute of France.

In 1803, when Bonaparte was silently preparing to ascend the imperial throne, he regarded with some alarm the condition of the Institute, the greater part of whose members had by this time become attached to studies connected with moral and political science. Discussions on such points were very awkward at the time; and the 'man of destiny' discovered that the classes into which the Institute was divided were too few for the requirements of its object, and very liberally gave it a new organisation, dividing it into four classes instead of three. These were—1st, Physical and mathematical science, consisting of sixty-five members; 2d, French language and literature, forty members; 3d, History and ancient literature, forty members; and 4th, The fine arts, twenty-eight members. This, it will be seen, as compared with the republican constitution, divided literature into two—French and universal; and entirely swamped moral and political science. His next step, after he changed his name from Bonaparte to Napoleon, was to make a corresponding change in the name of the society, which from the National became now the Imperial Institute.

The imperial régime passed away, and the Restoration restored the Institute nearly to its original form, as well as to its national name. In 1815, the Bourbons abolished the four classes of the emperor, and re-established the four original academies, but in this order: the French Academy, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Fine Arts. Thus united, they formed the National Institute, under the personal direction of the king, but each with an independent organisation, and the exercise of certain peculiar powers. In 1832, the class suppressed by Bonaparte was restored by Louis-Philippe, under the name of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; and the Institute therefore may now be supposed to have reached its highest development.

The business of the different academies is multifarious. The dictionary, we all know, is due to the French Academy, and it cost an infinite deal of time, trouble, and speech-making. When Colbert attended a sitting to judge for himself how they proceeded in their labours, he listened for two mortal hours to a debate on the single word *ami*, and left the house impressed with the conviction that no society could get on more rapidly in a work of the kind. The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres is unlimited in the number of corresponding members; and through this branch the roll of the Institute is embellished with the names of the most distinguished scholars in Europe. This academy is charged with the superintendence of public monuments, and the conservation of those already existing; and it has likewise the principal part in editing the 'Journal des Savans.' The Academy of Sciences is divided, as at first, into two principal departments—the physical and mathematical. The number of its foreign associates is limited to ten. Bonaparte was proud of his distinction as a member of this branch; and when he was already decorated with the trophies of Italy, he appeared more than once, in public solemnities, in the habit of the Institute. The Academy of Fine Arts is divided into five sections, and has a committee charged with the publication of a dictionary of the fine arts. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences is likewise divided into five sections, but has only five foreign associates. The honoraire attached to the title of member of the Institute amount to 1500 francs (L.60) a-year.

It will be observed that the grand distinguishing feature of the Institute, is its combining in one society the principal departments of human knowledge. We do not see very clearly the advantage of this kind of centralisation; which is attended with the effect of rendering the title of member somewhat obscure. A 'member of the Institute' may be either a farce-writer or an astronomer.

THREE WEEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

August 21.—Crossed the Golden Horn in the morning, for a ramble about Constantinople. Went first to the leather bazaar, where we made a few trifling purchases; and thence to the madhouse. This latter is divided into two spacious courtyards; in the first of which we were shown, much to our surprise, some wild beasts in large dens!—by way, I suppose, of preparing us for what we were next to see. Accordingly, in the next court, we saw the patients, about twelve in number, all confined by very strong iron chains and collars round their necks. Their cells were large, but neither paved nor floored; and it seemed as if the poor wretches must often suffer agonies of cold. They were all more or less clothed, though rudely enough; and their persons were not wholly neglected. One poor wretch, who was just about to undergo a washing, was a pitiable spectacle. He was quite naked, but with the iron chain and collar still about his neck, and his body disfigured with bites of vermin. As he sat on the ground in this condition, with his bare shaven head, he was no inapt representative of Job in his affliction. We noticed but one very noisy patient. There was an Arab patient, with only a rough blanket thrown over him, sitting in the farthest window of his cell, with the sun streaming in through the bars over his dark features, as he laughed and conversed wildly with a visitor. Such a study for a painter I scarcely ever saw before. Two other patients, in opposite corners of the same cell, had been smoking, and were now throwing their cherry-stick pipes at one another. Another, whose arm was bound up, as if severely injured, had, as they told us, twice broken his chain. We were given to understand, I know not how truly, that it was permitted to irritate the patients to frenzy, as though their ravings were oracular, and the effect of divine inspiration. Any one within the court had

access to the cells and the patients. I was surprised with myself at not feeling more shocked than I did, at a spectacle which I should certainly have shuddered at had I heard it described as I saw it with my own eyes. There is something in our preconceived ideas of happiness or misery that usually exceeds the reality.

We continued our walk to the desolate site of the barracks of the exterminated Janissaries. The whole quarter is in a most ruinous condition. We saw what had been a beautiful marble fountain quite dried up and disfigured—the truest emblem of desolation. We then came to a single column, with the Roman eagle at each of the four corners of the capital. The design of the column was not very striking, and was apparently of late Roman architecture. From thence we made our way to the historical column, or the column of Honorius and Arcadius. Of this the base alone is standing, and even that is in a very ruinous condition. The column fell down about the year 1716, two years before Lady Mary Wortley Montagu came to Constantinople. We ascended the remaining steps of the winding staircase, which once, I conclude, conducted to the summit of the column, and found a small chamber inside the base. The whole seems to have been constructed of white marble, the blocks of which material are very large.

August 22.—Went in the afternoon in a caique to a spot called the European Sweet Waters, on the European side of the Bosphorus, on the banks of the little river that runs into the Golden Horn. Here there is a pretty summer kiosk belonging to the sultan.

August 23.—Made a few purchases in the bazaars, and dined in Constantinople on kabob, a genuine Turkish dish, and very good. It consists of mutton cut into small pieces, broiled on skewers, and served up on large flat cakes resembling crumpits.

August 24.—Dancing derivishes again at two o'clock.

August 25.—Rode round the old walls of Constantinople. It is a curious and interesting round to take, with some fine points of view. On our way we passed under the aqueduct of the Emperor Valens, which is a stupendous work, and still serves as an aqueduct; but without the assistance of natural scenery as an adjunct, aqueducts are rarely beautiful objects.

In the course of our ride I saw several hoopoes, birds which I never before saw on wing. They are frequently sold in the streets as articles of food. On our return, we passed by the smoking ruins of above a hundred houses that had been burnt down four days ago; but a hundred houses is not considered as a conflagration of much consequence in Constantinople.

Before we reached home, we met a Greek funeral. The corpse was carried on an open bier, strewed with flowers, and its face exposed. The Bible was laid upon its breast. Two boys followed with lighted candles, with priests, friends, and hired mourners, chanting a dirge. We rode home by the bazaars, and crossed the Golden Horn by the bridge of boats, and so through the cemetery to Pera.

August 26.—Grand military review at Scutari. This, we were informed, was the first review that had taken place in the present sultan's reign, and the second only since the adoption, to a considerable extent, of European military systems and dress. About eight hundred troops were reviewed—light and heavy cavalry and artillery, and large columns of infantry. The light cavalry regiment of lancers looked well in a body, and the red fez, or bonnet, with its deep blue tassel, and the red pennon of the lance above, presented, when viewed in a mass, a surface tinted like the flowers of the cactus. Individually, men, arms, and accoutrements were very shabby. There were no scabbards to the bayonets; and as far as we could judge, knowing next to nothing about military matters, much could not be said in praise of the manoeuvring of the troops. The artillery practice, however, was more creditable. The review took place on a fine tract of undulating open country, with mountains in the distance—the Sea of Marmora, the Bos-

phorus, Constantinople, and the cypress-crowned cemeteries of Scutari filling up the view. The sultan, preceded by a guard and the officers of his household, came on the ground in an odd but picturesque carriage, with a body of the shape of a sedan-chair, richly gilt, with a crimson hampercloth, and drawn by four beautiful white horses. He was followed by the queen-mother, and the foreign ministers, in carriages, and by the chief officers of state, superbly mounted on Arabians. We obtained a very good view of the sultan's features: he is much marked with the smallpox, but has fine dark eyes.

Here were also several very handsome arabas, filled with the women of the imperial harem; but they were closely veiled, and their guards kept all spectators at a most respectful distance. The arabas were drawn by white oxen of great size and beauty, with handsome frontlets, and from the yokes over their necks proceeded long bent pieces of wood, curved backwards, to which the tails of the animals were attached, and held up in the air with pendant bells, tassels, and ribbons.

Presently, what should we hear but a report that a Frank had got into a dispute with the Turks, and that he had been severely beaten, and dragged to Scutari as a prisoner between two horse soldiers, and that in all probability he would undergo the bastinado. The account had been, as usual, exaggerated; but it was true that he had been beaten, and was obliged to keep his bed in consequence. One of our party went to visit him, and he turned out to be the identical Frenchman who had accompanied us to the mosques, and who spat upon the sacred pavement. We never heard the origin of the quarrel on the day of the review; but it is clear that a man who could commit so gross an inadvertence as he did on one occasion, might well be supposed not to have acted very wisely on another. On our return, we bought another basket of the delicious grapes of Scutari.

August 27.—Saw the sultan go to mosque on horseback, attended by the grand vizier and other officers of state. We then, by a short cut, got up the hill before the cavalcade, to a point where the road wound round the ascent, and again secured a good position for seeing the procession. Several Turks stood by with petitions to present, which were all received in order by the appointed officer as the sultan passed by. It was quite realising one of the scenes we had read of, in childhood, from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The sultan's saddle-horses, of which several were led, and those on which his officers were mounted, were of the greatest beauty.

August 28.—In the course of our walk we passed once more through the slave-market, which had a livelier appearance than when we visited it before. The greater part of the slaves were black females. We saw some miserable-looking objects among the little black girls; and one black lad was being rubbed all over with oil, in the hot sun, which gave him a most attractive polish. But what delighted us most, was to see some dishes of hot potatoes and garlic, which a man was carrying on his head, upset in the crowd, and the little hungry black wretches scrambling for them. This slave-market, notwithstanding the dirt of it, abounds, like every other corner of Constantinople, with interesting studies for painters. We were then just going to look about us once more in the bazaars, when we heard the cry of 'Fire in Pera!' This was to us equivalent to 'tam proximus ardet Ucalegor!' and we lost no time in hurrying back across the Golden Horn, with a mixed mob of Jews, Armenians, and others, who closed their shops with all haste in the bazaars, and hurried away to save their property in their dwelling-houses in Pera. We got across the water in the midst of an extraordinary tumult, and rushed up the hilly streets of Pera—not the pleasantest or the easiest ground in the world to hurry over. We found that the fire was not far from our hotel, but that it was being rapidly got under. I saw one small brass fire-engine,

that could scarcely have had as much power as an ordinary garden engine, hurried along on men's shoulders to the scene of action. But the Turkish firemen wore workmenlike dark dresses, and were armed with powerful axes, and very long poles, with iron hooks and spikes at the end, intended to be used, if necessary, or thought to be so, in pulling down the houses adjoining those on fire, so as to smother the fire with the rubbish. Turkish houses, it must be observed, are not built for perpetuity, being, in fact, little stronger than temporary wooden sheds. One way or another, however, the fire was extinguished; whereupon we all recrossed the water, to prosecute our day's excursion in the streets of Constantinople, and no sooner got thither, than we again heard the alarm of 'Fire!'—this time in Constantinople. Passing by the shop of a perfumer, with whom we had had some bargaining in the early part of the day, we found him hastily shutting up his shop, and hurrying off to the scene of the conflagration, which was near his residence, just as we ourselves had hurried off to Pera a short time before.

August 29.—Ceremony of the dancing dervishes at their convent at Cassim Pasha. I went rather in expectation of some ceremony different from that which I had already witnessed at Pera, but was disappointed. There saw a very little boy, quite a child, running about in the dress of a dervish. The high conical cap gave him a most ludicrous appearance. When the ceremony began, the poor little thing went through the prostrations and reverences with the rest. But I was really quite glad to see that he soon grew tired, and so put on his slippers, and went out to play in the open air with others of his own age.

In the afternoon we rode round by the bridge of boats to the aqueduct of Valens, and to the old city walls, as before, and outside the city to the suburb of Eyoub. Eyoub, or Job, the standard-bearer of Mahomet, was killed by the Saracens, and was buried there. Hence Eyoub is considered by the Turks as a most sacred place of burial, and here also is their most sacred mosque, where each succeeding sultan is inaugurated, by girding himself with the sword of Othman. The Turks, as true believers, do not much like the Franks to approach the place. The cemeteries are here kept in good order, and the tombs are covered with ivy and creepers of various kinds, and are picturesquely disposed (as indeed everything is in Constantinople) beneath the shade of lofty trees. We then ascended the hill beyond, and obtained a superb view of Constantinople and the Golden Horn. We rode from thence along the brow of the hill, looking down upon the valley of the European Sweet Waters; and in a valley near the sultan's kiosk we saw an encampment of Turkish artillery, to which we descended, and so crossed the hills home to Pera.

August 30.—To Therapia for the second time. Rode in the afternoon to the gigantic plane-trees in the Sultan's Valley, and to the Valley of Roses, and the village of Buyukdéré. Slept at Therapia.

August 31.—From Therapia, on horseback, to visit the city aqueducts, by the villages of Belgrade and Pyrgos, and so to Justinian's aqueduct, and home to Pera, making a ride of about thirty miles through a very interesting country. We first ascended the valley of Buyukdéré, and highly enjoyed the beautiful prospect, as we looked back upon the Bosphorus from the great arch of Sultan Mahmoud's aqueduct, between Buyukdéré and Bagsche Koi. On arriving at Belgrade, we saw the whole system of collecting water in large reservoirs, or bendas, as they are called, for the use of the cities of Pera and Constantinople. The forest of Belgrade is the only woody region near Constantinople. The thick shade is considered a great protection to the reservoirs, and on this account the wood is never cut; and this, again, is probably the cause why Belgrade is, at certain seasons, extremely unhealthy, and very subject to malaria fever. Two out of the seven aqueducts, we remarked, were not conducted in a

straight line, but with a considerable curvature in the line of their direction.

On arriving at Justinian's aqueduct, we halted for an hour under the shade of its immense structure, and examined it in every accessible part, and climbed up the hill that formed one side of the valley across which the aqueduct is built. On the summit, where the stonework was broken away, the stream of water conveyed by the aqueduct was visible. It was two feet deep, and two feet across; but the channel was only half-full. The water was running with considerable rapidity. Underneath the shade of the arches were two wild-looking shepherds, with sheep, cows, and goats. The goats were hanging about the stonework in the most picturesque manner possible. I observed a few fine butterflies in the woods of Belgrade. In the course of the day we saw several hoopoes (birds which I have made mention of before), and caught a tortoise, and met some strings of camels laden with charcoal. Water-wheels were in general use for irrigating the cultivated lands.

September 2.—At two o'clock, to the ceremony of the howling dervishes of Scutari. The preliminary prayers and prostrations resembled those of the dancing dervishes, but with this difference, that incense was made use of, and that the accompanying song had a slight resemblance to what I have heard in Roman Catholic services. These howlers do not wear a dress peculiar to themselves, as the dancers do, but appeared to consist of devotees of every kind of profession and denomination. However, to show that there must be a community of feeling between the dervishes of both kinds, I will mention that we saw one of the dancing dervishes standing, in a composed attitude, amongst the chiefs of the howlers. After a repetition of some long prayers, and hideously-vociferous and noisy responses, the devotees, at least fifty in number, stood up in a row, quite close together, and began to recite or repeat the words, '*La-Allah-il-Allah!*' (accented agreeably to the quantities I have here marked), bowing themselves backwards and forwards, keeping strict time to their recitative. This motion, and the repetition of the words, became gradually more and more rapid, with occasional violent ejaculations of '*Hu!*' whilst the noisy chant and responses, in a yet shriller key, were kept up without intermission by two others who remained kneeling on the floor. The movements and vociferations gradually assumed a more frantic character; the agitations of the devotees, and I am shocked to add, of several children who bore their part in the ceremony, became dreadful. The heads of some were tossed about so violently, that their features were scarcely distinguishable, and their limbs quivered with excitement, whilst they uttered appalling guttural noises, mingled at the same time with some extremely fine deep bass notes, which were heard at intervals in the storm of vociferation; but at a signal given by the chief who presided over the whole, all the howlers reassembled themselves round the room with the utmost apparent composure! Some few, indeed, wiped the sweat from their brows; but not one appeared exhausted, or even out of breath.

A pause now ensued, during which the dancing dervish, who had hitherto remained a tranquil spectator of all that had passed, came forward and pirouetted, after the manner before described of his own sect, in the middle of the circle by himself for several minutes. Then the howlers rearranged themselves, and began all their movements afresh, with the exception that this time their motions were rocking from side to side, instead of backwards and forwards, with their recitative as before, but with the accentuation of the syllables changed, from anapestic, as it were, to iambic, thus, '*La-i-lah-il-lah-lah!*' Again, in the second act of the performance, did the noise become stunning; again did the contortions and excitement of the devotees seem to be approaching some inevitable climax; again did the poor children bear their part as before; when the whole exhibition, at a given signal from the chief, ended quite

suddenly: the dervishes quietly resumed what outer garments they had laid aside, and—walked away!

The whole was little better than a revolting and obscene sight. All these howlers were low, ruffianly-looking fellows. There were several blacks and several soldiers amongst them. We were given to understand that they are tolerated by the government, but that they have had their orgies modified, and their ceremonies cut down, by command of the late sultan. They are generally considered as impostors, and are held as far less respectable characters than the mowlewli or dancing dervishes. Round the room in which the ceremony took place were suspended various iron instruments, with which the howling dervishes used to maim and torture themselves, or at least pretend to do so; but such exhibitions have been forbidden by authority. However, our impression was, that had they indulged in such pastimes, we should have felt little or no pity for any pain they might have suffered. The exhibition lasted two hours.

September 4.—Visited the great cistern of Constantinople. It is underground, and contains a vast body of water. It is constructed inside with very handsome arches and pillars, and scarcely conveyed the idea of having been originally intended as a cistern. It was impossible for us to see the whole extent of it. I understand its Turkish name signifies 'The Thousand and One Pillars.' To-day we again passed by the Burnt Column, as it is called. It is the shaft of a Roman column that seems to have once been in the middle of a terrible conflagration, so ruined, split, and blackened is it by the fire. We had frequently seen it before in the course of our rambles.

September 7.—In the afternoon we left Constantinople for Malta by the French steamer.

Thus we passed twenty-four days at Constantinople; and without making any excursion to a greater distance than Therapia or Belgrade, we were actively employed during the whole of the time. With the exception of the interiors of the mosques, in my opinion the chief attractions of Constantinople lie out of doors, in the exquisite views of the hill-enthroned city, and of the Bosphorus and its shores, that you obtain on every side. Above the general mass of the houses rise the spreading cupolas, relieved so happily by the lofty and glittering minarets, which, not without an elegance all their own, partake of the gracefulness both of a church spire and of the mast of a ship. These, together with the dark cypresses, the ever-clear and blue Bosphorus, with its light caïques and shipping—the ever-busy scene, the gay harmony of lively colours, the sky, sunshine, and fresh breeze—are the chief ingredients in the picture; a combination perhaps unequalled in any other part of the world. Happy are they who possess the talent of drawing! Not only the general large features of Constantinople, but the boatmen, the porters under their enormous burdens, the beggars, the itinerant vendors of a thousand different articles, are subjects for the pencil—on the water and on the land, all equally admirable.

The Turks are apparently not without a certain natural refinement of manner; but I do not imagine that much insight into their true character can be obtained, or that anything can be learned concerning their domestic economy, unless some proficiency in their language be made, and after a long residence in the country, or through opportunities afforded only to a few. I have heard, from high authority in such matters, that a dinner at a pasha's table is really excellent. From what may be seen in the shops, they appear to be good cooks and delicate confectioners; and when this natural talent comes to be assisted by a few hints from the cuisine of France, the result is no doubt, as it is said to be, eminently successful.

It is a drawback at Constantinople that there are no public places of entertainment. All acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people must be picked up in the daytime in the streets and bazaars. Neither

is it very safe to go out of doors after dark. The troops of dogs without homes or masters that are seen in every street during the day, generally asleep in the sun, towards dusk give themselves the rousing shake, and begin to show their wakefulness by barking at every Frank they meet. At night they prow about the city, and would probably, especially in the winter season, attack any one that fell in their way. There are several dismal stories current of persons, strangers to the conditions of the place, who have been actually devoured in this manner. Further, whoever is taken up in the streets at night without a lantern, is forthwith consigned to the guardhouse.

The goods in the bazaars are set out in most picturesque and tempting array. One bazaar is appropriated to the sale of arms, another to the sale of drugs, a third to leather slippers, a fourth to horse furniture; and so on, for furs, jewellery, silks, embroidery, &c. &c. The motley crowd, exhibiting the dresses of all nations, and made up of all ranks, degrees, and callings, and the brilliant and varied colours of the greater part of the articles exposed for sale, seen down the bazaars in long perspective, with the arched roof of the building high over all, with a light subdued just sufficiently to take off the glare, form a scene that a painter might succeed in expressing on canvas, but of which words cannot convey an adequate idea. I need not add that the sellers reap a tolerably plentiful harvest from the European customers. The bargaining, without which no purchase is ever completed, is often very amusing. Half, or even one-third, of the original demand is usually taken with the greatest composure.

It is absolutely necessary in Constantinople to walk a great deal, and to be equal to fatigue. The arabs are the only wheeled carriages, which only go at a foot-pace, drawn by oxen; and to these most of the streets are inaccessible. Nor is riding on horseback always convenient. However, very good horses are to be procured, when required for distant excursions. They gallop well, and are remarkably sure-footed in steep and slippery places.

In such a merely amateur and sketchy excursion as ours, we must, in a city like Constantinople, have passed over a thousand points important to be studied and understood. Much, however, that is perhaps of value, and certainly much that is very pleasing, will remain indelibly fixed in our recollections; serving at the same time to feed and cherish one predominant feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness—that England is our home.

JUDICIAL COMBATS AND THE WARS OF NATIONS.

ONE of the dark spots on the disk of the middle ages was the trial by judicial combat. When the fierce tribes of Huns and Alans, Goths and Lombards, at once inundated and destroyed the Roman empire in the west, they also displaced its enlightened civil jurisprudence, and at the same time established a rude appeal to justice, in accordance with the system of Feudality which they organised throughout Europe. This rude appeal to justice was the trial by judicial combat. The savage of a tribe considers it his right and duty individually to revenge wrongs or to repel attacks; the administration of justice is with him a personality; he individualises awards and punishments; he takes judicature into his own hands; he has no notion of giving up his individuality in this respect to society. As Feudality was but a more definite organisation of Tribalism, so also was the trial by judicial combat but a more organised system of personally settling a quarrel, a dispute, or a difference between individual and individual. The difference, and the progress, so to speak, in favour of the latter development was, that it was public and recognised, not private or secret.

As the quarrel between two persons is in close analogy, on a small scale, with the war between two nations,

having similar origins and developments, it may be well to trace something of the history of the trial by judicial combat, since it may lead us to inferences upon the military system, of which it is a portion, generally.

The trial by judicial combat was the offspring of feudalism. In that state central power was weak. The monarch and his court had little influence during the greater part of its history. The state was composed of tribes, newly fixed in their position, and holding their land from their chiefs under the tenure of fiefs. These barons, therefore, had a court and centre of their own, and in this they claimed to administer justice, with little reference, if any, to their lord paramount—the monarch. They had conquered the lands upon which they had settled with the sword; and drawing his blade, every injured baron sought justice with its point. His adversary met him also with the sword, and the vassals of each supported their respective leaders in the contest. There was no appeal to a written law, to a regular magistracy, or to the decision of a sovereign national court. The same system spread from the barons to their vassals, until it became a recognised public institution, and the form of trial by judicial combat established itself throughout Europe. In civilisation, written documents, witnessed deeds, or attested agreements, regulate the stipulations between individuals, and are evidence as to the facts. In feudalism, on the contrary, reading and writing were too rare attainments to be useful in the general affairs of life. National treaties and royal charters were indeed committed to the pen of a clerk, but transactions between private parties, and the details of personal business, were carried on by word of mouth or delegated promise. The proof of claims, and the evidence of facts, was thus therefore difficult, and encouraged both deception and evasion, whether in criminal or in civil cases. The definition of evidence, the decision as to whether a court should accept positive or circumstantial proof, the determination as to the respective credit to be attached to discordant witnesses, and generally all intricate questions, were, under these circumstances, matters of extreme difficulty. Recourse was consequently had to the appeal to trial by combat between the adversaries. They publicly fought hand to hand, and thus decided their differences before their judges. Undoubtedly the innocent often fell thus under the more mighty arms of their guilty antagonists; and by this absurd system justice was left to the decision of chance or force. Yet so military was the nature of feudalism, in which every soldier was a freeman, and every rood of ground held by tenure of martial service, that the judicial combat was, for a considerable period, considered as one of the wisest institutions both of civil and criminal jurisprudence. It gradually superseded the ordeal by fire, water, or dead body, as well as the plan of acquittal by oath or compurgation, until it became the distinguished and cherished privilege of a gentleman over all Europe to claim the trial by combat. Not only contested questions, but abstract points undetermined by law, were thus decided by the sword, until justice dropped the scales, and waved only a bloody blade. Evidence was in the point of the sword, and the successful argument in the keenest edge, wielded by the strongest arm. Witnesses, and even judges, were not exempt from a challenge to the combat, nor could it be refused by them without infamy. Moreover, women, children, ecclesiastics, and aged or infirm persons, who could not, from circumstances of sex, or age, or position, be expected to use the judicial sword in their own right, had nevertheless the liberty, or rather obligation, of producing champions, who would fight upon their behalf from individual attachment, or from consanguineous or mercenary motives. In fine, religious ceremonies were added to the judicial combat; and what was really a recourse to the decision of fortuity, or to the preponderance of animal prowess, became superstitiously accounted a direct appeal to God. Its arrangements were settled by edicts, commented

on by legists, and became almost the sole study of the feudal nobility.

Such was the origin and development of the trial by judicial combat. Although its institution was popular, and accordant with the spirit of the times, its evil effects soon manifested themselves. The clergy, whose canon law was excellent, and who perhaps regretted the disuse of those ordeals which appeared to appeal more to the interposition of Providence than did a personal conflict, were among the first to protest against the trial by judicial combat, as contrary to Christianity, and inimical to good order. So consonant was it, however, with the fierce spirit of the times, that even superstition fell powerless before its influence, and the censures and admonitions of the ecclesiastics were disregarded. At length the evil became so obvious, that the civil power could no longer disregard it. Henry I. of England prohibited the trial by combat in questions of property of small value, and Louis VII. of France followed his example. The central power of the feudal monarchs was, however, yet feeble, and any restrictions which were to be made upon an institution so popular among the barons, required to be effected with prudence and policy. It was nevertheless the interest of the kings to abate these ferocious contests, and centre the administration of the laws in their own courts. Louis of France, not inaptly named St Louis, earnestly attempted to introduce a better system of jurisprudence. He wished to displace judicial combat, and to substitute trial by evidence. The great vassals of the crown, however, possessed such independent power, that his beneficent regulations were principally confined to his own private seigniory. Some barons, nevertheless, of their own accord, gradually adopted his plans; and the spirit of such courts of justice as existed grew daily more and more averse to the trial by combat. On the other hand, the successors of St Louis, awed by the general attachment to judicial combat, still tolerated and authorised its practice; and so the struggle continued for several centuries. In the course of these, however, the royal prerogatives gradually increased; and what was of more importance, the ideas of the people received a more pacific and intelligent development, as the first germs of the municipal system were manifested among them. Still, instances of judicial combat occur as late as the sixteenth century both in the annals of England and of France. As these decreased, with the ferocious habits they engendered, a great impulse was given to European civilisation by a more regular administration of justice. The authorisation of the right of appeal and of review from the courts of the barons to those of the king, was the grand desideratum; and this was gradually obtained. Royal courts, hitherto held at irregular intervals, were fixed as to time and place, and to these judges of more distinguished talents were appointed than those who administered in the judicature of the barons. They regulated the forms of law, and endeavoured to give consistency to its decisions; and the people were thus led to have more confidence in their decrees than in those of the barons, and were eager to exercise the new right of appeal. The order and precepts of the canon law in use among the ecclesiastics, being good in themselves, also contributed to this reform in jurisprudence. About the middle of the twelfth century, likewise, a copy of 'Justinian's Pandects' was found in Italy; and this led to a revival of the study of the Roman imperial code of laws, and so added greatly to the growth of more enlightened ideas on the administration of justice. Thus gradually was the trial by judicial combat abolished, and a more liberal system of jurisprudence established in its stead throughout Europe.

Let us now see what analogy exists between the history of judicial combat and that of national war. A person is a separate individuality. A nation is an aggregate individuality. As the judicial combat was a contest between the individuality of two persons, so also is war a contest between the individuality of two

nations. The origin of the trial by judicial combat was in the barbarous habits of our ancestors. Such likewise was the origin of war. The first was contrary to the spirit of Christianity: so also is the latter. The one was opposed to reason and enlightenment: so likewise is the other. The analogy so far between them is perfect, and requires no argument to liberal minds. Let us try to discover, therefore, if we may not build upon it a hope for the cessation of national wars. In doing this, let us first bear in mind that however obvious may be any error which has crept into the human mind, its eradication requires a long period. Absurd and barbarous as was the custom of judicial combat, its abolition occupied centuries; and in like manner, although the protestation against national warfare has already for some while been raised, but little progress was made until the last half century. Gradual, however, as was the abolition of judicial combat, it was at last effected, and effected too by causes which have their parallels in relation to national warfare. As an individual person is to a nation, so also is an individual nation to the world. Judicial combats destroyed national order, as the wars of nations disturb the harmony of the globe. As it was the interest of the nation to abolish the one, so also is it the interest of the world to abolish the other. As the king represented the nation, so likewise does the people represent the world. It was the interest of the king to abolish the judicial combats of the feudal barons, and it is the interest of the people to abolish the wars of the national kings. In the one instance it was the policy of royalty to abolish the former, as in the other instance it must be the policy of the people to abolish the latter. In all cases an enlightened interest is powerful, and must ultimately prevail. Christianity, again, was opposed to judicial combat: its ministers denounced it. Christianity is also opposed to national warfare; and its ministers begin to declare against it. Lastly, the progress of enlightenment directed its opposition against judicial combat, which fell before these reiterated attacks; and an enlightenment, most probably more potent than ever, is now directing its powers to effect the downfall of national warfare. It must fall ultimately before these united influences. As judicial combat was abolished, so also will national warfare be abolished by the combined efforts of popular interest, religious feeling, and enlightened reason.

ONLY TRY.

The United States Gazette translates the following from a French paper:—They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge-box a marshal's baton. Might not one say in these days that every chorister carries in his windpipe a fortune? Here is one example at least:—About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy, at Bergamo, by a singular contrast, the company of the opera-house was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Crivelli, Leodoro, Bianche, Mari, and Dolei, commenced by singing in the choruses at Bergamo. There were, among others at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy the orchestra and the choristers are worse paid than in France, if possible. You enter a bootmaker's shop—the master is the first violin. The apprentices relax themselves after a day's work by playing the clarinet, the hautboy, or the timbrels in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor. One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, that illustrious singer, after looking at him earnestly, said to him very kindly, 'It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere.' 'Quite likely, sir: you may have seen me at the theatre, where I take a part in the choruses.' 'Have you a good voice?' 'Not remarkably, sir; I can with great difficulty reach *sol*.' 'Let me see,' said Nozari, going to the piano: 'begin the gamut.' Our chorister obeyed; but when he reached *sol*, he stopped short, out of

breath. 'Sound *la*—come, try.' 'Sir, I cannot.' 'Sound *la*, you fool.' 'La, la, la.' 'Sound *si*.' 'My dear sir, I cannot.' 'Sound *si*, I tell you, or I'll—' 'Don't get angry, sir, I'll try: *la, si, la, si, do*.' 'I told you so,' said Nozari with a voice of triumph; 'and now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will only study and practise, you will become the first tenor in Italy.' Nozari was right. The poor chorister, who, to gain his bread, had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

You have promised that through life
We shall journey heart-united,
Husband fond, and faithful wife,
And I trust the vow thus plighted:
Hand in hand, and side by side,
Through life's storms and sunny weather,
We will our one fortune bide,
And at last grow old together.

What if Time's unsparring wing
Of some pleasures has bereft us?
Let us not by murmuring
Lose the many that are left us.
What though youth and bloom depart,
Swift as birds of lightest feather?
Why repine with feeble heart?
Shall we not grow old together?

Few indeed have been our years,
Yet enough our hearts to bind, love;
And to show how many tears
In life's brightest cup we find, love!
Since in our united youth,
We twain sported on the heather,
Dearest! it is meet, in truth,
That we should grow old together!

D. M. M.

THE SHOWER-BATH.

Although the shower-bath does not cover the surface of the body so universally as the usual cold baths, this circumstance is rather favourable than otherwise; for those parts which the water has not touched feel the impression by sympathy as much as those in actual contact with it. Every drop of water becomes a partial cold bath in miniature; and thus a stronger impression is excited than by any other mode of bathing. The shower-bath, for the following reasons, possesses advantages superior to all others:—1. The sudden contact of the water, which in the common bath is only momentary, may here be prolonged, repeated, and modified at pleasure. 2. The head and breast, which are exposed to some inconvenience in the common bath, are here effectually secured, by receiving the first shock of the water; the blood is consequently impelled to the lower parts of the body, and the patient feels no obstruction in breathing, or undulations of blood towards the head. 3. In the cold bath, the heavy pressure on the body, occasioned by the weight of the water (the free circulation of the blood, in the parts touched by it, being, for some time at least, interrupted), is an unfavourable circumstance in certain instances. The shower-bath, on the contrary, descends in single drops, which are at once more stimulating and pleasant than the immersion into cold water, and it can be more readily procured, and more easily modified and adapted to the circumstances of the patient. When this kind of bath is first resorted to, it may be used gently, and with water having some degree of warmth, so as not to make the shock too great; but as the patient becomes accustomed to it, the degree of cold may be increased, and the water may be allowed to fall from a greater height, so as to make the shower heavier.—*Dr Graham*. [As an additional precaution, we should recommend beginners to cause the water to fall on the neck and shoulders, instead of the head.]

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 92 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.